

THE NUR AF SEAN

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

Vol. X.

LUDHIANA:—December 21st, 1906.

No. 51

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, Dec. 12.

The House of Commons, by 317 against 80, adopted Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's resolution to deal with the Lords' amendments to the Education Bill *en bloc*.

Mr. Lough then moved the rejection of the amendments. The debate on this was adjourned and is expected to continue till Thursday.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman disclaimed any desire to provoke a conflict with the Lords.

The Premier conferred with the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace yesterday.

London, Dec. 11.

Great excitement prevails at the Vatican.

The Pope, discussing the situation, said he was grieved at the necessity for resorting to extreme measure but it was indispensable. "Neither persecution nor martyrdom will prevent us protecting religion. Our cause is God's cause."

In the French Chamber M. Clemenceau explained that Monsignor Montagnini was expelled because he handed to certain French priests instructions from a foreigner, namely the Pope, to disobey the French Law. If the Church wanted war it could have it but could avoid it by conforming to the law.

Several Archbishops and Bishops have already received notice to quit their residences.

London, Dec. 13.

The Commons, by 416 against 107, have decided to reject the Lords' amendments to the Education Bill *en bloc*.

Mr. Birrell, in the Commons, said the Government was most anxious to save the Education Bill and he hoped the Lords would realise the necessity for mutual concession.

Mr. Balfour said if the Bill was lost the Government's procedure was responsible.

Mr. Asquith said that if no solution to embittered strife was attained Mr. Balfour was responsible.

Sir E. Grey, in the House of Commons, said that the United States had intimated a desire to co-operate in the realisation of reforms in the Congo. This announcement is most welcome. Further statement is unnecessary pending Belgium's decision.

President Roosevelt submits Mr. Metcalf's report to Congress on the 18th instant with regard to the dispute between Japanese and Californians on the school question at San Francisco.

Mr. Gearin has submitted to the United States Senate a resolution recommending the initiation of negotiation with Japan with a view to modifying the treaty with that country prohibiting the entrance of Japanese coolies into the United States.

At the instance of M. Pichon, the French Chamber has adopted a resolution to gradually substitute secular for religious schools in the East. M. Pichon announced his intention of establishing secular schools at Cairo and Alexandria.

London, Dec. 14.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the Archbishop of Canterbury had a second Conference to-day on the Education Bill.

The general elections for the Federal Parliament in Australia have up to the present resulted in the return of twenty-five Labour-

ites. There will probably be a representation of sixteen Labourites in the new Senate.

A telegram from Washington says that the Hon. Mr. Chas Bonaparte, Secretary for the Navy, has submitted to Congress plans for a battleship similar to the *Dreadnought* but of twenty thousand tons displacement and more powerful broadside fire.

London, Dec. 14—2-35 p.m.

The King of Sweden is seriously ill.

The Crown Prince has been appointed Regent.

London, Dec. 14.

President Roosevelt has directed the Public Printer to revert to the ordinary spelling.

London, Dec. 15.

Advices from France state that several Bishops and many seminarists have already been expelled from their residences by the authorities amid slight disturbances.

The people of Lyons knelt reverently on the pavements of the streets and received the blessing of their Archbishop on his leaving the palace. The gendarmes at Arras were compelled to force an entrance into a seminary which was barricaded with felled trees, thorns and mattresses.

The French newspapers declare that Monsignor Montagnini's papers seized by the police show that he had intrigued with French politicians and advised wealthy Catholics to cause a fall in the Bourse in order to influence public opinion.

Other sensational disclosures are also made.

London, Dec. 16.

No disturbance of the services took place in the Paris churches this morning, but tumults occurred in several provincial towns where cheering crowds escorted the Bishops to their cathedrals and palaces.

The French Government interferes as little as possible with the services in the churches believing that the priests while owing obedience to the Vatican disapprove of the Pope's policy. Fifteen episcopal palaces and twenty-eight seminaries were closed yesterday.

London, Dec. 15.

A bomb was thrown at Admiral Dabassow, ex-Governor General of Moscow, while he was driving in a fashionable street of St. Petersburg to-day. The Admiral was slightly wounded, and the two perpetrators were arrested.

Allahabad, Dec. 16.

London, Dec. 15.—The Paris edition of the *New York Herald* says that Lord Curzon told Lord Suffolk that the idea of his going to Washington as Ambassador was out of the question.—*Pioneer Special*.

London, Dec. 17.

Mr. Ellis, the Under-Secretary for India, has resigned in consequence of his official and other duties combined having overtaxed his strength. He remains a Member of the House of Commons.

There is a rumour current that Mr. Runciman replaces Mr. Ellis.

The *Daily Mail* this morning mentions the name of Mr. Macnamara as the successor of the Under-Secretary for India.

The general result of the protracted debate in the Belgian Chamber which closed on Friday is that Belgium has taken the first definite step towards the annexation of the Congo.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

Among the interesting bits of news with which we are favoured by Reuter this week is the statement "President Roosevelt has directed the Public Printer to revert to the ordinary spelling." This will doubtless cause a good deal of amusement at the President's expense, and not without some cause, but even so in this decision on the part of Mr. Roosevelt there is an element of real dignity which is hardly shared by his previous attempt to reform the illogical but time-honoured spelling of the English language. The sooner a man discovers his mistakes, the greater credit to his powers of perception; and the sooner he acknowledges them the more right he has to be regarded as manly and sincere. The President of the U. S. A. rather over estimated the extent of the domain in which he can exercise authority; and now, like the sensible man he is, is promptly admitting that he has made a false move. A man of smaller calibre might hesitate to do so, preferring to hold on stubbornly to his decision, as a point of honour.

A man who refuses to acknowledge his errors may seem, for the time being, to be strong-minded, and some may be inclined to pat him on the back for a hero, but he is not a man who inspires much confidence. People like to have the assurance that one to whom they entrust anything knows when he is right and when he is wrong. If he never admits that he has made a mistake, his dead level of infallibility will sooner or later give rise to alarm. Man knows man too well to believe in the possibility of such perfection; and will therefore be likely to discover error even where error may not exist.

THINGS AND THE MAN.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

"And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethern: and they hated him yet the more."—Genesis xxxii. 5

Oh, ye who hold the written clew
To all save all unwritten things,
And half a league behind pursue
The accomplished fact with flouts and flings,
Look, to your knee your baby brings
The oldest tale since earth began,
The answer to your worryings—
Once on a time there was a man.

He single-handed met and threw
Magicians, armies, ogres, kings;
He, lonely mid his doubting crew,
In all the loneliness of wise,
He fed the flame, he filled the springs,
He locked the ranks, he launched the van
Straight at the grinning teeth of things,
Once on a time there was a man.

The peace of shocked foundations flew
Before his ribald questionings,
He broke the oracles in two
And bared the paltry wires and strings
He headed desert wanderings;
He led his son, his cause, his clan,
A little from the rack of things,
Once on a time there was a man.
Thrones, power, dominions block the view
With episodes and underlings;
The meek historian deems them true,
Nor heeds the song that Clío sings,
The simple central truth that stings
The mob to boo, the priest to ban,
Things never yet created things,
Once on a time there was a man.

A bolt is fallen from the blue,
A wakened realm full circle swings
Where Dothan's dreamer dream anew
Of vast and forborne harvestings;
And unto him an empire clings
That grips the purpose of his plan
My lords, what think ye of these things?
Once on a time there was a man.

LONDON TIMES.

TO-DAY.

By VENITA SEIBERT.

O thou, close-wrapped, a goodness in disguise!
It needs but one determined, fearless stroke
To tear aside thy gray and homely cloak,
When lo! like splendid lamps shine thy deep eyes
On him who has the gift to recognize.
To-morrow's beauty pales beside thy face
And Yesterday sinks to her rightful place,
Forgotten stars that fade at thy sunrise!
To-morrow is a dream, she is not mine,
And Yesterday is dead and tearwet clay,—
But thou, born new each morn, deathless, divine,
Thou rulest life and fate, O great To-day!
For to the door of Opportunity
Thou and thou only holdest forth the key.

—In September *McClure's Magazine*,

RACERS.

By JOHN B. TABB.

The winds from many a cloudy mane
Shake off the sweat of gathering rain,
And whicker with delight.
No slope of pasture-land they need
Whereon to rest, or drink, or feed—
Their life the rapture of the speed,
The frenzy of the flight.

—In June *Harper's Magazine*.

BRAVE ONESIPHORUS—A TALK FOR THE TIMES.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

In these days when there is so much worship of the "golden calf" in society (sometimes, too, in churches), and so many are ready to barter principles for popularity, it is well to put eye on that noble piece of manhood, Onesiphorus. Who was he? There is but a single mention of him in the New Testament, but that ought to make him immortal. Paul, in the last epistle that he ever wrote, says to Timothy, "The Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus, for he oft refreshed me and was not ashamed of my chain." Yes, and we may all say "Amen" to that benediction. We know but little of this Ephesian brother, but that little makes us wish to know more, and that he had more successors in our times. He belonged to that most ancient order of true manhood. He was a faithful friend in all weathers. He looked above appearances, and when he saw the superscription of Jesus Christ on a man, he honored that man for Christ's sake.

How grateful is the recollection of him by that old war-worn apostle! He says that Onesiphorus "oft refreshed" him. Unlike too many people who turn their backs on an old friend when he is in trouble, this noble Ephesian draws all the closer to Paul on account of his troubles. When he arrives in Rome he searches Paul out, and finds him a prisoner! "No man stood with" him; the timid and the time-serving seem to have deserted him and left him in the lion's paw. There he is—Nero's captive, but Christ's freedman. There he is—with an iron chain on that arm that had been lifted above the Hill of Mars, and awed the philosophers of the Violet City into silence—that arm that made Felix tremble and from which the viper fell off harmless into the fire at Melita. That old scarred and weather-beaten body is in Nero's guardhouse. And thither comes Onesiphorus with the refreshment of his fervid sympathy. There is a wonderful deal of Gospel often in a hand-grip; and Onesiphorus does not draw back when he discovers a manacle on Paul's arm. He is not ashamed of the chain. He counts that chain a bandage of glory—a decoration, and the livery of his once-persecuted and crucified Master. As Napoleon hung the grand cross of the Legion of Honor on the breasts of those who had fought the most bravely, so Nero had unwittingly put great distinction on the heroic apostle when he bound that chain upon his limbs. He would not have taken so much pains to tie up a coward. A popularity-hunting preacher is generally safe in "king's houses"; but when John Baptist's tongue tells plain truth it is soon silenced on the "charger." The Martin Luthers find their meed in Wartburg Castles, and the Latimers and Hoopers find theirs in the crackling flames of the martyr's stake.

It was as a badge of honor, therefore, that Onesiphorus greeted the apostle's chain. It spoke of bold constancy to

Christ, and it clanked out a noble eulogy as Paul drew it over the prison floor. Onesiphorus was not ashamed of being counted as the loving friend of the man whom the rich in Rome despised, and the bloody tyrant of Rome, and his licentious courtiers, hated. Appearances were against the old friendless prisoner, but Onesiphorus looked behind and beneath appearances at the man himself. Paul in poverty, Paul under the ban of power, Paul unpopular and odious in the public eye, was as dear to Onesiphorus as if he rode in the second chariot of the empire; nay, more so. And to all of us poverty should be honorable when it is preferred to knavery or compromise with wrong. It was honorable to that patriotic old Pennsylvanian who, under the offer of a bribe replied, "I am a poor man, but poor as I am, King George is not rich enough to buy me." Unpopularity should also be to us a guerdon of praise when it is visited on any man for conscience's sake. John Bunyan, in Bedford jail, is a kinglier character than his royal persecutor amid his revelries in White Hall Palace.

Onesiphorus is a lesson to us in these days. Would that there were more of his spirit in the Church of Christ, the spirit that holds men at their true value, the spirit that honors men without regard to purse or station in society! There ought to be more Christian democracy in our churches, for caste is nowhere so hateful as in the house of God. Offices of trust and honor should be bestowed on those who serve the Master most faithfully, and not on those who keep the finest "turnout," or who figure in "Society's" Directory. If Onesiphorus were a member of an American church, he would not join in hunting a minister down because he preached plain, pungent truth, or took the unpopular side on some great moral question. What a grand backer he would be to every pastor who fearlessly contends for sound doctrine and clean living, and is not afraid to denounce sinful fashions, self-indulgence, and conformities to the world! It would be almost a token of a revival to hear the honest voice of Onesiphorus in a prayer-meeting. Not only would it cheer a good pastor's heart, but it would wake up the sleepers in Zion, and might bring some sham professors to repentance.

I wish that our young people would study that brave old Ephesian a little, and learn not to be the slaves of outside appearances. Our young women would then be more willing to give their hand in marriage to a young man who wore a true Christian heart under a coarse coat than to one who wore fine broadcloth over a coarse character. Our young men would not so often ask, "Will it pay?" or "Will it be popular?" but rather the more vital question, "Will it be right in the sight of God?" That sturdy, conscientious, big-hearted Ephesian who passed by all the fine mansions, and heathen temples, and sinful haunts, in Rome, in order to hunt out and "refresh" Christ's old lonesome prisoner in Nero's guardhouse, was a magnificent specimen of godly



manhood that I commend to the study and imitation of all my Herald and Presbyterian readers. May the Lord multiply in these days the "house of Onesiphorus!"

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE TRANSITORINESS OF SORROW.

BY REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

"Weeping" may "come to lodge" "for a night," but Joy "takes up his residence" with us "in the morning." The proportion or duration of sorrow in most lives is not great. Most of us magnify our sorrows. The proportion of rainy days in the year is not nearly so great as most of us imagine. A thunderstorm does not last long as compared with the summer day in which it is but an incident. We have long memories for our pains, and short ones for our blessings. Even when we are in the midst of the dark trials of life we may comfort ourselves with the faith that at the heart of things God means kindness to us, and if we are sincerely seeking to do his will, the weeping may endure for a night, but joy shall come with the morning. There are no experiences so hard but they shall pass away, and better times come, if we are in the path of duty.

Margaret Sangster sings this message in some very sweet lines:

"No day so drear but evensong
Shall wake the stars,
No cell so locked that time ere long
Shall break the bars.
No loss so large but heaveth soil
Its waste to mend,
No task so great but plodding toil
Shall see its end."

Let us never pity ourselves, or try to magnify or prolong grief.

Over against the transitoriness of sorrow is the persistence of joy. Sorrow is but a guest with us for the night. Joy resumes his residence with us in the morning. It is a pity that we look on the dark side of life so much. God is good. He gives us a beautiful world to live in. He gives us health and prosperity, friend and companions, families and neighbors, churches and homes, and health-giving occupations. The trouble is we get accustomed to our "blessings," as we call them; we take them as "a matter of course." But they are blessings, nevertheless, and make up the largest part of our lives.

Sorrow is often joy disguised. A prince comes to a poor man's hovel, is hospitably received in darkness, and, being received and welcomed, in the morning slips off the rags, and appears as he is. After all, sorrow is not really sorrow, for it turns to joy. Our light affliction, which but for a moment works out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Those women at the tomb, referred to in John's Gospel, would have asked no more, and would have been really thankful had some once placed in their hands

only Christ's cold, lifeless body; weeping, they would have been entirely satisfied with so little comfort as that. Yet Jesus himself was living, risen and coming to meet them. When they knew part, they wept. When they knew the whole they were comforted. We are quite sure we see all when we are found weeping over God's providential dealings with us. Sorrow may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning. In the end God may give us, as with those women, instead of a dead hope, a living realization!

Among the latest sayings of Dr. John Brown, the great commentator, were these: "His anger is for a moment; his favor is for a life; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

The fable of the famous statue of Memnon at Thebes was that it sent forth sounds mournful in the night, but melodious at the rising of the sun. When God's morning light arises upon us, when he makes plain his dealing, and the reasons for them, we will have occasion to sing only joyful sounds, and to say: "He has done all things well." We will find even our sorrows were blessings in disguise.

Rochester, N. Y.

THE MONEY THAT KILLS.

BY REV. S. E. WISHARD, D.D.

On one occasion in the ministry of our Lord he was giving one of his most helpful and comforting addresses. He had taken his audience into closest fellowship with him. He had lifted all the burdens from the heavy-laden and careworn. They were to take no distressing thought for the morrow. The sparrows were the care of our heavenly Father. Not one of them fell to the ground without his notice—not one of them was forgotten. As to his people, they were of more value than many sparrows. Even the very hairs of their head were numbered. Every interest of every soul lay upon the heart of God, whose ear is not heavy, whose eye never slumbers nor sleeps, whose hand is not shortened.

But days of peril were coming when they were to stand before magistrates to face accusations. What then? Would God be with them in the hour of danger and distress? Yes they need not trouble themselves even then. "The Holy Spirit shall teach you in the same hour what ye shall say." God's providence would cover their daily life and every occasion of danger.

In the midst of this discourse, at the very culmination of these exceeding great and precious promises, the meeting was interrupted, and the address punctured by an outlandish financial question. "One of the company," whose name is not reported, while sitting in the audience, in the pretense of listening, was busying himself about another matter. He had been revolving the question of the division of the old estate. The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches had closed his heart against the precious things the

Master had been saying, and he broke into the address with the impertinent request, "Master, speak to my brother that he divide the inheritance with me."

The incident, unseemly as it was, was turned to good account. Our Lord presented one of his most searching exposures of the dangers of riches, in the parable of the rich fool. It was a most graphic picture of the riches that kill, the covetousness which is idolatry. The Scriptures give us examples of the ruin wrought by wealth. They also multiply warnings and precepts that ought to open the eyes of even a blind man. The delusion of the world is in the general opinion that there is no danger except to the man of wealth. The peril is general, alike to the poor and the rich.

It is the love of money that imperils the soul; and the men of moderate means and the poor are alike afflicted with the moral malady. Just enough money to occupy all our time, to fill our thought and hands, to leave neither time, nor thought, nor labor for God, kills. It need not be large wealth. The pottage of this world is buying millions of men off from their birthright.

It is the money that fills the heart of the man and shuts God out, that kills. A nickel may be held close enough to the eye to shut out from vision God's entire universe. A very small portion of this world's wealth may close the heart of a man against all the claims of God and the cries of perishing souls. That is the money that kills, be it much or little.

As wealth increases the danger increases. The lusts of the flesh grow, fatten and become more imperious as the money to feed them increases. As oil is cast on the fire the flame rises and overlaps all bounds. Here is the peril of large wealth. It not only shuts God out of the life, but opens a thousand mouths of lust to be fed, that never asked for a crumb in the days of poverty. It closes the eye to God's opportunities.

The grounds of the rich fool brought forth plentifully, and he was in distress to know how to keep it all for himself. "What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?" The needs of the poor and perishing were God's room for his enlarged wealth, but he could not see these pleading necessities. His eyes were turned in upon himself. He had no thought beyond "my barns, my goods." God's opportunities were hidden from his eyes. To-day the push of men is for the enlargement of their barns. There never has been a time in our own country when there were so many avenues into which men could pour their wealth for building up the kingdom of God. We are flattering ourselves with recounting the large contributions made in recent years for the advancement of educational work. But when we look at the untold sums of wealth that are poured into the lap of our nation, the contributions to advancement of the cause of Christ are the merest pittance. At the same time, the lust for equipage and all forms of

pleasure have outrun all computation. The city of Salt Lake, with probably 70,000 population, has spent, according to statistical reports, almost \$900,000 during the last year for amusements. Confronting this extravagant expenditure for that which kills time and deteriorates character, is the appalling spiritual destitution of the people. There are about twelve Christian Churches carrying on their work at an aggregate of not more \$25,000. Twenty-five dollars spent for pleasure and one dollar for the spiritual welfare of the people. It is not the Christian people who are purchasing such costly indulgences. Conditions are somewhat peculiar at Salt Lake City. And yet in all our seacoast towns two or three months in the summer are given to pleasures that are costly and often perilous.

As a nation it is time to make an instant halt and face about, lest we be overwhelmed with the money that kills. God has splendid depositories in every village, hamlet and town, calling for the treasures with which he is enriching us. There is a use of money that will save individual and national life. The opportunity is here. We shall do well to seize it.

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Give me, O Lord of life and light,
A clear unclouded mind,
A feeling heart that loves the right,
And gentle words and kind.

I ask not fortune, fame or rank,
Not length of days my plea;
But let each flying moment find
Me nearer, Lord, to thee.

I fain would love thee better, Lord,
And ever do thy will;
Help me to thee and all the world
My duty to fulfil.

Free thou my life from stain of sin,
From envy, malice, hate,
From every evil wish or thought
However small or great.

And when the sands of life are run,
My task on earth complete,
Receive me to thyself above
To worship at thy feet.

—From "The Bethel Church Record."

—Dr. Trumbull of the Sunday-School Times publishes a very interesting monograph on the story of Jonah. One of the objections to the historicity of the story is that a whole city should suddenly repent at the preaching of a stranger. Dr. Trumbull shows from the monuments and from Berosis that the fish-god Oannes was worshiped by the Assyrians. The name Oannes was modified to Ioannes, Yonah and Jonah, so that the



Ninevites recognized Jonah as their fish-god, and this explains his immediate and commanding influence. Whether Jonah antedated the cult of Oannes, and it rose from Jonah, or the reverse, appears to be doubtful. Either way a clear connection between the two is established. These developments add both to the historic probability of the book and to the fact of its historic versimilitude, either way to its genuineness.

THE GOSPEL EXCHANGE.

BY REV. ADDISON BALLARD, D.D.

Our coffee, wool produce and art exchanges are centers for the mutual transfer of material trade equivalents. The Gospel Exchange is the making over of spiritual possessions of inestimable value in return for that which is of no value whatever. Having nothing at all to do with "special sales," "bargain counters" or "prices current," it has no need of middlemen or brokers with whom to divide the profits.

The generous Master of this unique exchange makes to all of us a standing offer to take off our hands and hearts whatever degrades, annoys or endangers us, and in place of these humiliating marks of our weakness, poverty and peril, to give us that which will greatly enrich, exalt and ennoble us in both heart and life. For rags, and "filthy rags," at that, he offers us garments so beautiful that we need never be ashamed to appear in them, in even the most scrutinizing presence. For our fears, whether of want or wrath, he offers the peace of an assured hope; for evil dispositions, better ones that shall overbear and in the end displace them; for doubts, wisdom to discern the way; for mourning, a robe of praise; for the fleeting breath of this dying body, the spiritual body's undying life.

To "know our full salvation" is simply to know that to surrender to Jesus all that he offers to take and how to receive from him all that he offers to give.

University Heights, N. Y.

BLIND LEADERS.

We are asked what we understand by "the blind leading the blind." The allusion is to Matt. xv. 14: "And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." The same thing, virtually, is said in Luke vi. 39. Our understanding of the passages is that reference is had to a blind person undertaking to lead another blind person, and it requires no stretch of the imagination to conceive both as together stumbling into a ditch. So there were, in the days of Christ, as to-day, men who set themselves up as guides in religious matters. They assume that they know the way of life, and they undertake to teach, or lead, others in that way, to the utter confusion and ruin of the latter, if not of the professed teacher himself. The Bible is fruitful in allusions to this matter. Jesus called the Pharisees "blind guides," and declared that he had come to give sight to the blind meaning, evidently, the spiritually blind. And yet there were those who thought that they were able to see better than others, but were themselves blinded by the truth

and to the truth. Whenever one who has not himself a clear and Scriptural conception of the way of life attempts to teach another the way, he is as a blind man leading a blind man; both are in imminent danger of falling into what may be called the ditch by the wayside, a place of defilement and injury. It can hardly be doubted that there are many such persons among preachers of what they regard as the Gospel, and there are others who have imbibed false notions of divine things, and are doing similar mischief in leading astray the unsettled and wavering, whether saints or sinners.

G. W. L.

THIS DAY ONLY.

To-day is the only assured opportunity we have for expressing our love to our dear ones. Yet few of us live and love in full recognition of this fact. The illness of a loved one is a reminder that speaks this message to us. To enter the home and realize that the familiar voice of welcome is silent just now, helps one to ask himself whether there would be longings for the return of unused opportunities if that voice should never speak again. To-day is filled with opportunities that are still ours. To use them to the limit of our loving powers, as though these opportunities were our last, is only to live as God would have us live. And if they are the last, what blessed memories they will make!

EXCHANGE

Much has been said by President Roosevelt and others about the "Simple Life." It seems worth while to quote the following from a conspicuous advocate of it, a generation ago, R. W. Emerson:

"I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, or a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things they can get for a dollar at any village.

"But let this stranger, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, read your thought and will, which he can not buy at any price in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparsely and sleep hard in order to behold.

"Certainly let the board be spread, and let the bed be dressed for the traveler; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that the intellect is awake and reads the laws of the universe."

"Though clouds and storms encompass thee
Be not afflicted or afraid;
Thou knowest the shadows could not be
Were there no sun behind the shade."

An English physician has said that "a smile is the best aid to health." How is your health?

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Organ of The Presbyterian Church in India.

This paper is devoted to the interests of Christian work and to all that makes for the upbuilding of the Indian Church

Published at the Rajputana Mission Press, Ajmer, price Rs. 2/4 per annum, postage included.

Editor: The Rev. J. A. Graham D. D. Kalimpong Bengal.

All correspondence relating to subscriptions, advertisements, &c., should be addressed to the Manager, Mission Press, Ajmer, Rajputana.

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